It is a pleasure in opening Beatrice Whitby's novel, "Bequeathed," (Harper & Brothers), to come upon the name of Richard Tempest. There is a promise, an assurance, in such a name; it has the right sound; some instinct or some memory puts a strong warrant upon it. "Richard Tempest was a fifth son. He was a member of a large family, whose creditable length of pedigree ould not altogether counterbalance a depressing shortness of purse. The father, Col Tempest, made it a point of principle to educate his sons as Tempests had hitherto been educated, and then he cast them forth to shift

We are in good commany, and we knew from the first that the Tempe-ts were to be credited with a long and honorable pedigree. The shortness of the Tempest family purse does not disturb us. Richard Tempest was off fishing at Ottermouth with his friend, Gilbert Wykeham, What a difference of names! Tempest is a name of strength, whereas the reader knows of Gilbert Wykeham, as soon as his name is mentioned, that he is gentle, unassertive, perhaps feeble, and probably well to do. What would a Gilbert Wykeham do in the world, indeed, without a fortune to support him? We learn presently that the elder Wykebam had thought of this and had left his son money accordingly. A rainy day at Ottermouth brings out the characters of the two young men. They canot go fishing, and in the coffee room of the Victoria Hotel Richard Tempest, a frown on his face, stands drumming impatiently on the bay window, while Gilbert Wykeham sits calmly in an easy chair reading a novel. "You're an enviable chap, Gilbert, "said his friend; "like love, you laugh at obstacles," and he went on rumming, while Gilbert absently replied that he rain was a nuisance, but that it was not the right time of day for a change, since it was only

Which of these young men does the reader think was likely to win Ethel Mildmay, who was at that moment playing the harp and singing "Oft in the Stilly Night" in her great-aunt's very pretty little parlor at Paxford House, Otterton road, not far away? Tempest was strongly built, with a broad, muscular frame, and a thick throat. His face was not much to boast of, his occupation in life was to sit on a stool and keep books in some sort of a mercantile establishment at Studholme, and he had a temper. Even Miss Montgomery-Jones, whom he had never had the slightest wish to marry, had quite gratuitously snubbed him, for all the world as though he had had the wish, and her absurd mother had done the same thing, intimating very frankly and pointedly that the Montgomery-Joneses knew their station in life and wished the Tempests to be aware of it. Wykeham, on the other hand, was the master of Woodsford House in Devonshire, a very comfortable place, dating from some way back in the Victorian era, and he had an ample fortune to go along with the house, and was very good looking. Nobody had ever snubbed him; and, as we say, we wonder which one of these two the reader will think was most likely to win Ethel Mildmay, singing in her greataunt's cottage to a harp accompaniment played

A very charming place must Paxford House, Otterton road, Ottermouth, have been. It was surrounded by flowers, which Ethel Mildmay cared for; ivy grew over it, and its parlor was 'a dainty room, all white and green and Dresden china, a sanctum essentially feminine," and a perfect setting for the young girl and her reat-aunt, who had been crossed in love and had never married. We are willing to betray the essential secrets of no author's novel, and we shall not relate all that took place in Paxford House. It was a privilege to these young men, so recently lonely, and still wet and muddy from their walk in the rain, to watch the elder Miss Mildmay making tea. It was difficult for them to believe that there had ever been anything tragic in her life. "How could a woman with a broken heart take such vast interest in so commonplace a ceremony? How seriously she treated it, her old, unsteady hands ladling out the tea from a sliver caddy in a quaintly fashioned spoon with fluttering never betrayed a secret or broke a promise hissed and bubbled in the urn was boiling itself flat mean while. Then, with watch in hand, she timed the drawing of the beverage, dispensing it, at length, in tiny Sevres cups, with rat-tail spoons to stir the clotted cream that mellowed the strength of the brew. Gilbert praised the tea." Ah, Gilbert! He was at peace and at ease. He had home, money, good looks. He could bethink himself to pay compliments. He had praised Ethel's singing too, and had let her know that it pleased him to find her playing the harp at a time when most girls had taken to the banjo. But we are not going to say whether it was Gilbert or Richard who won Ethel. In the course of the story it was shown how Gilbert was affected when trouble came to him-for trouble may come even to persons so well guarded against it as Gilbert was-and how Richard long supported trouble and compassed nappiness at last.

On page 190 we find it said: "A man that is worth calling a man never indulges in tactics in his own interests; he has a candid male habit and does not look pleased unless he feels pleased." But on page 217 we find Richard Tempest smiling when he was not at all pleased and it is said: "If he was out of humor he had talent for concealing such a fact with grace." The trouble, we suspect, is not with Richard, but in the generalization.

There is a rare pleasure to be attained in the reading of such a book as Mr. Walter Dwight Wilcox's handsome volume on "The Rockies of Canada" (Putnams), which is a revised and enlarged edition of his "Camping in the Canadian Rockies," published several seasons ago. Here are delightful chapters on mountaineering, camp life, hunting and fishing and kindred subjects, supplemented with maps and sketches and a series of photogravure and half-tone plates from original photographs which give a clearer idea of the beauties of the country than the most elaborate and scientific word painting. The Canadian Rockles with their gentle beauty of placid lakes and upland meadows gay with bright flowers, their vast sweeps of green forests and the stern grandeur of their rugged cliffs and snow fields offer much to those who love the study of nature and enjoy the rough life of camp with its attendant hunting and fishing and mountain climbing. The great system of the Pacific Cordillera, generally called the Rocky Mountains, commences far outh in Mexico and sweeps north to Alaska, and the alkaline valleys of Nevada and the glaciers of Alaska, the cactus of Arizona and the evergreen forests of British Columbia mark the diversity of climate in a mountain system of such vast extent. The Canadian Rockies have no single peaks or groups of mountains so far discovered equal to the Jungfrau, the Matterhorn, or Mont Blanc. Their interest depends on natural beauty, added to the fact that their solitudes are as yet comparatively unfrequented by travellers, and where many of the larger rivers and mountain ranges remain as yet unexplored, every side valley offers some possibility of discovery. The mountaineer standing on the windswept summit of some high point commands a view, not of a limited circle of mountains as in Switzerland, with the sea and plains beyond, but of a chaotic upheaval where countless peaks and idges extend in every direction beyond the utmost possibility of vision. All this region was practically an unknown wilderness before the completion of the Canadian Pacific road, when in 1886 a new world was opened to mountain climbers and travellers. The trout fisherman will find stories here told by Mr. Wilcox that will make him keen to try his luck-tales of seven and eight pounders and lakes that are simply awaiting for his advent and that resemble that famous fresh trout stream once described by an enthusiastic native to a cockney tourist, "Is it fish, yer honor? Sure the wather's simply shtiff wid 'em!" An interesting chapter is devoted to the Stony Indians, a tribe unique in their manner of life and ideas, living on the borders of the great Canadian is by Prof. Knackfuss himself, and is transputting it to its present use.

plains not far from the Rockies. Except that lated into English by Mr. Campbell Dodgson of the British Museum. The book is character-ized by the accurate information put in readthey are a branch of the Sioux, no one knows whence they came, but during the last half entury at least they have held the foot hills able shape, as well as by the profuse illustraof the Rockies for a home and have used the tions that mark the previous volumes. For mountains as a hunting ground. They have some reason the Dürer woodcuts do not come the reputation of being the flercest fighters out as well as they should in the process of reamong the Northwestern tribes, and have production used. The pictures, however, serve cruelly punished their enemies, the Blackfeet, their purpose, and the full-page portrait of the in many encounters on the plains. Nevertheless they are the friends of the white man, rinety-three-year-old man is excellent. The price of the monographs is amazingly cheap. and, according to Mr. Wilcox, they are exceptionally faithful, are honest, cannot be tempted to steal, are true to their word and have an abhorrence of alcohol-though it is a fact that one, Chiniquay, a chief's son, charged Mr. Wilcox \$1 for the privilege of photographing him. A story is here told which well illustrates their

"A young brave named Sust was

encamped with his family in the Porcupine

Hills east of the Rockies. After hunting sheep

and goats all day, he was returning to his tepee

and upon entering an open forest glade came

unexpectedly on a huge grizzly bear. He

only wounded the bear in the forefoot. Walking

backward, and trying to get another car-

tridge in his rifle, he stumbled on a log and fell.

The bear jumped upon him before he could

recover. Then ensued a fight to the death.

The Indian turned on his side and seized the

bear's ear with his left hand. In the other he

held his Hudson's Bay hunting-knife, a formi-

dable weapon like a small sword, and with this

kept striking the bear on face and neck. Blind

and clawing, the infuriated animal reared on

his hind legs several times in an effort to throw

the Indian from him. At length both con-

testants, weakened from loss of blood, fell to

the ground, when Susi, with a desperate effort,

drove the knife between the bear's shoulders,

but had no strength to pull the weapon out

Maddened with pain, the bear gave his head a

and carried back to camp. There they dressed

his wounds and roasted the feet of the grizzly,

that he might eat them and become a mighty

hunter, for by eating the bear's feet the spirit

When asked what he thought about while the

fight was going on he said: 'I was thinking-

why is a bear's ear not long like a deer's." An

Miss Helen M. Winslow of Boston, Mass.,

eves and understands the common domestic

cat and all its ways, and her book, "Concerning

Cats: My Own and Some Others" (Lothrop

Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.), is full of

entertainment and instruction. She does not

agree with the often-quoted slander for which

Buffon was responsible—but is rather inclined

to quote with approval such an authority as

Théophile Gautier, who has said that "to gain

the friendship of a cat is a difficult matter.

The cat is a philosophical, methodical, quiet

animal, tenacious of its own habits, fond of

order and cleanliness, and it does not lightly

confer its friendship. If you are worthy of

its affection, a cat will be your friend, but never

your slave. He keeps his free will, though

he loves, and he will not do for you what he

thinks unreasonable; but if he once gives him-

self to you, it is with such absolute confidence.

such fidelity of affection. He makes himself

the companion of your hours of solitude, melan-

choly and toil. He remains for whole evenings

on your knee, uttering his contented purr, happy to be with you, and forsaking the com-

melodious mewings on the roof invite him to

one of those cat parties in which fishbones

play the part of tea and cakes; he is not to be

tempted away from you. Put him down and

he will jump up again, with a sort of cooing

sound that is like a gentle reproach; and some-

times he will sit upon the carpet in front of you.

looking at you with eyes so melting, so caress-

ing, and so human, that they almost frighten

you, for it is impossible to believe that a soul

is not there." Miss Winslow's book, which is

"Pretty Lady," a former pet, who, she tells us,

or proved an unfaithful friend; who had all

the virtues and none of the failings of her sex.

She was of Angora or Coon descent, and she was

exceptionally regular in her habits. She never

went out at night and in the course of her nine

years of sojourn on this planet she had ninety-

three kittens of her own, besides two adopted

ones. It was her custom to come upstairs at

4 A. M., and jump suddenly upon her mistress's

bed, sometimes landing upon the pit of the

lady's stomach and thereby somewhat suddenly

awakening her. But Miss Winslow consoled

herself with the thought that Richelieu, and

Wellington, and Mahommed and many other

great and discriminating persons loved cats.

There were compensations. "I remembered."

the says, with some stirrings of secret pride,

"that it is only the artistic nature, the truly

esthetic soul, that appreciates poetry, and

grace, and all refined beauty, who truly loves

cats; and thus meditating with closed eyes,

courted slumber again, throughout the break-

ing dawn, while the cat purred in delight close

at hand." When the Pretty Lady left for the

happy hunting grounds in which the good cats

foregather, her place was taken by one Thomas

Erastus, a melancholy, half-starved, grayish

Maltese who arrived one Saturday evening just

as the family was partaking of the regular

Boston baked beans sacred to that day. He

was promptly fed and under the invigorating

influence of the succulent and satisfying bean

he proceeded to chase every foreign cat off

the premises and settled down to stay. He

also developed the early morning waking habit, and he adopted a patronizing and paternal

air toward the other cats of the family. Miss

Winslow has written chapters about other

persons' cats, historio cats, high-bred cats

in England and America, the cats of poetry

diseases of cats and their treatment. She has

treated the whole subject of cats in a large and

comprehensive way. Among many char-

acteristic illustrations we notice one in which

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is shown in the privacy

of her literary den. She is loosely yet grace-

scribe as an Americo-Antique morning gown and the man with the camera has caught her

at the moment that she is writing a passionate

poem with one hand and scratching the back

of her favorite cat with the other. In a comprehensive chapter on the general treatment

of cats there is pointed out the necessity of

keeping them free from fleas and, above all.

of discouraging them in the habit of staying

The tenth volume of the "Official Records of

the Union and Confederate Navies" (Govern-

ment Printing Office), advance sheets of which

have just been sent out, covers the history of

the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron from

May 6 to Oct. 27, 1864. The period as a whole

was one of hard, tiresome work, broken by oc-

casional battles and attacks on shore forts. The

principal event recorded is Cushing's blowing

up of the Confederate steamship Albemarie, on

Oct. 27, 1864. The reports of this feat, though

dated after the final date of the volume before

The second number of North American Notes

and Queries (Quebec, Canada, Raoul Renault)

is as interesting as the first. It opens with a

consideration of the disputed date of Gen.

Montgomery's death before Quebec, the result

of the study showing that Franklin was right

in placing his death on Dec. 31, 1775, and Dr.

Kingsford, the most recent historian of Canada,

wrong in fixing it as occurring on Jan. 1, 1776.

A history of "Yankee Doodle" follows. The rest

of the magazine is made up of matter quite as

interesting to Americans, whether living on this

side of the St. Lawrence or the other. Two rare

A'brecht Dürer forms the subject of the fifth

volume of the "Monographs on Artists," edited

by Prof. H. Knackfuss, and published by Vel-

hagen & Klasing in Bielefeld and Leipzig, and

cuts illustrate the number.

us, are included in it for convenience.

out at night.

fully clad in what at a hazard we should de-

and art, cat hospitals and refuges, and the

handsomely illustrated, is dedicated to the

facts of interest.

of the animal wouldenter and give him courage.

Mr. James Mason's lucid little introduction to the game of kings, "The Principles of Chees in Theory and Practice," is published in a third edition by Horace Cox. Whatever the beginner can acquire from a book he will find here in compact form, and put clearly. There are plenty of diagrams to illustrate the points made. The principal openings in the game are explained and criticised. The book is attractive in make-up and so small in bulk that even the timid will not fear to take their first steps in chess after reading it. fired, though too quickly for good alm, and

"The National Conventions and Platforms of all Political Parties, 1789 to 1900," by Mr Thomas Hudson McKee (The Friedenwald Company, Baltimore), presents in conveniently arranged form much information that will be particularly useful this year. It gives the names of the candidates put in nomination at every Presidential election, the votes by which they were nominated and those received in the electoral college, the popular vote from the time it was first recorded, and after the convention system and party platforms arose the party declarations are given in full. Moreover the political division of each Congress is recorded and there are portraits of all the Presidents. The book is in its third edition.

We have also received: "Rome: Its Rise and Fall." Philip Van Ness Myers, L. H. D. (Ginn & Co.)

great toss and threw the Indian several yards "Epitome tes Kaines Diathekes." Nicholas J to one side. On the following morning Susi's Stoffel, C. S. C. (The University Press, Notre eople began to search for him. Within a few yards of the dead bear the Indian was found Dame, Ind.) "A Study of the Greek Paean." Arthur Fair-

banks, Ph. D. (Cornell Studies in Classical Philology. Macmillans.) "Index to Xenophon's Memorabilia." Catharina Maria Gloth and Maria Francisca Kellogg.

(Cornell Studies in Classical Philology, Mac-"Whom the Winds Carry." Cora Sewell. (G. W. Dillingham Company)

appendix contains some useful information for travellers and a tabulated series of historical "Clare Duval." Clement Wilkes. (G. W. Dilingham Company.) "Father Anthony: a Romance of To-day." Robert Buchanan. (G. W. Dillingham Com-

A WOMAN SET THE FIRE.

Attempt to Burn the Old Vanderbilt Hotel at

Clifton, S. L.-Shavings and Kerosene Used. For attempting to set fire to the old Vanderbilt Rotel in Bay street, Clifton, Staten Island, early yesterday morning, Catherine Miller, 40 years old, a former servant at the hotel, was held for the Grand Jury yesterday afternoon by Magistrate Croak at New Brighton on a

charge of attempted arson. Thomas McCormack, proprietor of the hotel, left the house and went to South Beach Thursday evening, leaving several summer boarders and servants in the building. Mr. McCormack returned home about 1 o'clock yesterday morning and saw a fire at the rear of his premises. He hurried to the rear of the building and found

He hurried to the rear of the building and found the fence on fire. The fence was only a few feet away from the basement door and nearby was a barrel partly filled with shavings soaked in kerosene.

The inmates of the house were aroused, and with their aid the fire was put out. Fire Marshal Lestrange learned from McCormack that a servant named Catherine Miller had been discharged recently, and suspicion was directed to her. Lestrange found the woman boarding with a Mrs. Rankin in New York avenue, Clifton. She at first denied setting fire to the fence, but finally admitted to Lestrange that she had prepared the barrel of shavings, soaked the contents with kerosene and had set fire to the fence, intending to destroy the hotel. pany of animals of his own species. In vain do

Lestrange arrested the woman, who it is thought, is slightly demented. She told Le-strange that she had made the attempt be-cause she was discharged.

SAYS HE'LL KILL CHONG GNOW,

His Daughter Florence, Too, if They Married-Couple Still Missing.

Mrs. Eliza Mark sat nearly all day yesterday in the office of lawyer Mark Alter in West Tenth street, waiting for Chong Gnow, the Chinaman who ran away with her daughter Florence on Wednesday. The Celestial and the girl had asked the lawyer to make arrangements for their marriage, and they were expected to call on him during the day. They didn't do so, however, and no tidings that they were married

however, and no tidings that they were married anywhere else have been received.

"I would rather see my girl dead and buried than married to that man," Mrs. Mark repeated again and again. "She left a respectable home to disgrace the family by running away with a Chinee, and I don't want her back again."

Mrs. Mark's sentiments were echoed by her husband and her three stalwart sons. Mr. Mark said:

"If I find that Maggie has married that man, I will shoot both him and her."

Mrs. L. E. Beek of 127 Stuyvesant avenue. Brooklyn, superintendent of the Friends' Chinese Mission at Tompkins avenue and Koschusko street, called at The Sun office last night to say that Gnow has not been at the school, she said, with Florence Marks as has been asserted. The Marks girl never had anything to do with the mission. Mrs. Beck said that three weeks ago she found the Marks, girl with Gnow in the laundry of a Chinaman. She says she took the girl home, kept her for three days and then sent her to her parents.

TOLD A YARN OF REPENTANCE. Alleged Bank Robber's Story to a Preacher -Probably a Swindling Game.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 10 .- On last Monday the Rev. Dr. C. G. Jones, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Covington, Ky., was visited by a man aged about 40, of plausible address, who gave his name as St. Clair. He said to the

"Ten years ago, with a friend, I robbed the First National Bank of Youngstown, Ohio. We got \$10,000, but we were caught, tried, convicted and sentenced to ten years in the Columbus penitentiary. Before arrest we hid the money, and the authorities never got it. During the confinement my pard died of appendicits. I became repentant, and made up my mind to return the money when my term expired. I was released on Aur. 1."

St. Clair then said that he couldn't rest with the money in his hands, and that he wanted to turn the entire amount over to Dr. Jones, with the understanding that it was to be returned to the bank or devoted to charitable purposes.

Dr. Jones asked him if he had the money with him, and he repiied that he did not, but that he could put his hands on it in a very short time. Inquiry at Ybungstown showed that the bank had never been robbed, although years ago there was an unsuccessful attempt. St. Clair has disappeared and it is thought he was attempting to work some sort of swindling scheme on the Rev. Dr. Jones, who to-day reported the case to the police. bus penitentiary. Before arrest we hid the

NEWPORT SOCIAL EVENTS

Yachting Parties Much in Evidence-Lunch-

NEWPORT, R I., Aug. 10 .- The gayest place in Newport to-day was the yacht club landing when the guests were boarding the yachts preparatory to the run to the Vineyard. Col. John Jacob Astor took a small party on the run on the Nourmahl returning here to-night. This party included Mrs. A. H. Paget, Miss Alice Blight, included Mrs. A. H. Paget, Miss Alice Blight, W. P. Thompson, Harry Lehr, R. Terry, Jr., and Robert Goeler. Ashore it was a day of luncheons, there being more given than on any previous day this season. Among those who entertained in this way were Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Edward Parsons, Mrs. E. T. Gerry, Mrs. G. A. Hulm, Mrs. A. C. Dulles and Mrs. J. A. Swan.

This evening there were several large dinners, the most important heing that given by Mrs. Ogden Mills in honor of Lord and Lady Pauncefote. The party numbered thirty. Others entertaining at dinner were Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Miss Harriett Gammell, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. James Hude Beekman, the latter at Gooseberry Island.

Ex-Mayor Schleren Paid for His Picture. The oil painting of former Mayor Charles A. Schieren, which was recently placed in the Common Council chamber of the City Hall in Brooklyn alongside those of his predecessors, was paid for by Mr. Schieren hamself and pre-sented to the city. Mr. Schieren had the paint-ing made in 1898 with the express purpose of putting it to its present like New Zublications.

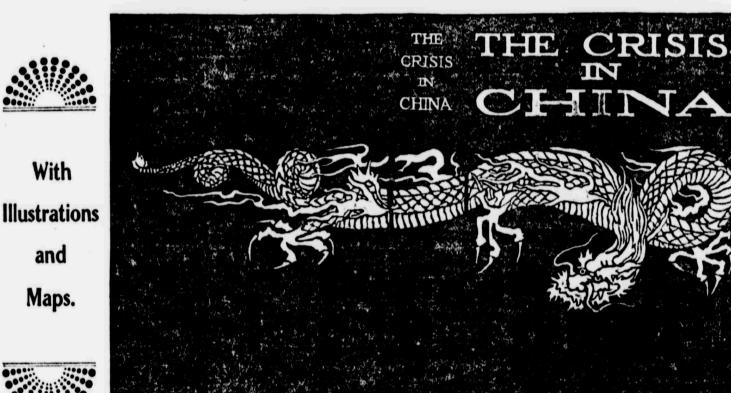
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MISS KEILEY TO MARRY.

The Groom a Young Dublin Barrister-Special

Dispensation Granted. Miss Helen Mary Pia Keiley is to be mar

ried next Wednesday morning to Alexander M. Sullivan, a young barrister from Dublin. Ireland, at the home of her father, Major John D. Keiley, at 213 Claremont avenue, Brooklyn. The ceremony will be performed in Major Keiley's private chapel, where an altar was erected some time ago by special dispensation of the Pope. The Right Rev. Benjamin J. Keiley, D. D., Bishop of Savannah, Ga., Mis-Keiley's uncle, will perform the ceremony and the nuptial mass will be celebrated by Cardinal Gibbons, who has been a frequent visitor at Major Keiley's house. Other high Catholic ecclesiastics are expected to be present A special dispensation was granted for holding the ceremony at the private altar, a privilege granted only once before in Brooklyn. This was in the case of the marriage of the daughter of John Loughran. President of the Manufacturers' National Bank, at her home, 4 South Portland avenue by Bishop McDonnell.

neil.

Cardinal Gibbons, who is the guest of the Rev. William Keiley at Southampton, L. L. will come to Brooklyn on Tuesday evening and return to Southampton after the ceremony. Mr. Sullivan is the son of the late Alexander M. Sullivan, who was a member of Parliament, and a nephew of Timothy P. Sullivan, a former Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Elizabeth Kilsyth Livingston, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Van Brugh Livingston of this city, to Mr. Charles James weich, head of the firm of Weich & Co. of San Francisco and New York. Religious Notices.

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All sittings free.

DIND.

PORTER.-At Pawling, Aug. 9, 1900, Emma F. wife of D. M. Porter.

VAN WINKLE, -At Baltimore, suddenly, Dr. Albert F. Van Winkle, in the 26th year of his age Funeral Sunday evening, Aug. 12, 1900, at 5 o'clock from his parents' residence, 408 Broad way, Paterson, N. J.

1900, Elizabeth M., wife of William Wellington Funeral services at her late residence Saturday, Aug 11, 1900, at 4 o'clock P. M. Interment pri-WHITMARSH .- At the residence of C. de P. Field,

WELLINGTON. - At Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., Aug. 8,

Esc., Peckskill, N.V., on Thursday, Aug. 9, 1900. Frederick de Peyster Whitmarsh, in the 67th year of his age. Funeral services will be held at St. Catharine's

Church, Fieldhome, Peckskill, N. Y., on Monday, Aug. 15, 1909, at 12:30. Vehicles will meet train leaving New York at 10:30 A. M. at Peckskill station. Train returning to New York leaves Peckskill at 2:10 P. M. HOOD, -At Copenhagen, Denmark, on Aug. 9, 1900.

Ellen M., daughter of James and Emily H. Wood. of Mount Kisco. Funeral services at her late home, Mount Kisco, N. Y., on Saturday, Aug. 11, 1900, on arrival of

2:08 train from New York. THE KENSICO CEMETERY.—Private station, Har-lem Railroad: 43 minutes' ride from the Grand Central Depot. Office, 16 East 42d st.

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THIRTY-SIX HOURS WITHOUT WATER Yachting Party's Trying Experience on Great

Salt Lake.

SALT LAKE, Utah .- Four persons reached Saltair Pavilion last night after being ship wrecked on Antelope Island and for ed to go thirty-six on Antelope Island and forced to go thirty-six hours without water. The party was composed of John Hobreoker, Mrs. Hobreoker, his sisterin-jaw; W. L. Eastman and Frank Heep.

They started on Sunday in a yacht, with water and provisions enough to last them until Monday afternoon. On Monday the yacht was carried ashore in a storm, and they worked until Wednesday afternoon before they could get the boat off the rocks.

Mails From China.

Postmaster Van Cott announces that of mails from China and Japan arrived at Vancouver a portion is due in New York next Monday morning and the balance on the following morning.

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HIS LOCOMOBILE BURNED UP.

Road Machine Continues.

Thomas A. Cumming's Bad Luck With His STAMFORD, Conn., Aug. 10. Thomas A. Cum-

ming of Cumming's Point has had hard luc with his locomobile. Soon after he bought it a few months ago, it ran away from him and it. broke his arm in the smash-up. The locomobile was burned last night in the barn at the rear of his house. Mr. Cumming went to a lawn party at the Pilgrim Church early in the evening, leaving his locomobile in a new sized which he had had built for it. Later in the evening he had occasion to return home an't note du line in his carrings. Upon investigation he found that his "icco" was all burned up except the tires and the egine. It is not known how institutes and the egine. It is not known how institutes and the complete house to have come from a speck drounded in the waste which litered the floor.